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1972-73

STRATHCONA-TWEEDSMUIR SCHOOL
OKOTOKS, ALBERTA

PAIDIA — THE TITLE OF OUR YEARBOOK — IS THE SPARTAN GREEK WORD FOR EDUCATION.

PAIDIA 1972-1973 WAS PRODUCED BY MR. P. DITCHBURN AND THE GRADE 11 ENGLISH CLASS.

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1972-73

A SOUVENIR RECORD OF THE SECOND YEAR
OF
STRATHCONA-TWEEDSMUIR SCHOOL
OKOTOKS, ALBERTA

CHAIRMAN'S ADDRESS

(From the address given by the Chairman of the Board of Govrenors, Mr. E. David Dover, at the School Closing Exercises, June 23, 1973).

Our goal during the past two years has been to establish a solid academic base on which the future of the school can be built. I would especially like to thank the individuals who have contributed to our goals, and they include the teachers, the administration, the friends of the school, the pupils, and, of course, the parents and members of our Society. In fact all of you who are gathered here today. I say again to you all, thank you, for your support.

As you may know the school is a society incorporated under the laws of the Province of Alberta. The parents of our students are automatically members of the Society. So, in fact, this is your school. The Board of Governors and the staff would like you to know that we need and welcome your creative ideas concerning the school. These ideas can be communicated either to the Headmaster or to any member of the Board of Governors.

The end of our school year always brings certain changes to our staff. It is with regret that I announce that Mme. Pauline Blotti, Mrs. Joanne Cox, Mrs. Maida Shaefer, Mrs. Coreen Steiger and Mrs. Marjorie Stiles are leaving our school and we wish them well in their new situations. I would like you all to know that your efforts were appreciated and I hope you will keep in touch with us.

Three years ago the two independent schools of Strathcona and Tweedsmuir were amalgamated. We were extremely fortunate that a number of teachers from the two founding schools joined our combined staff at the new school. You will all be disappointed to learn that one of these original teachers, Mrs. Rose Mabee, intends to retire. Mrs. Mabee has taught at the two schools for a combined total of fifteen years. While we will all miss her, we would like to express to Mrs. Mabee our sincere gratitude. Her loving concern for her students combined with a high standard of professionalism, engendered in her pupils affection, respect and academic interest.

To the students, and especially to the graduating class, I would like to address a few words.

My first job with the Board of Governors was to ask people for funds so that the present facilities could be constructed. The primary reason that people supported the school is that they believed there is no greater gift one generation can pass on to another than the opportunity of fine education. This gift, unlike a material bequest, is ever with you. It cannot be legislated against or diluted by taxation. It need not be insured against theft or holocaust. I hope you have realized the maximum potential of this gift. I hope also that you realize its challenge.

You are living in the most exhilarating, stimulating and promising age in the history of mankind. Never forget that, historically, people have often had to live dangerously, precariously. But the attitude of adventure towards the solving of life's problems is, quite literally, the key to civilization. If a sense of adventure is the key, education is the tool.

I speak not only of education as a training for entrance into business or the professions, but as a study of the great achievements of mankind through science, history, philosophy, literature, languages, fine arts and the like. And the intellectual perceptions we acquire through such studies enable us "To stand on a giant's shoulders and see afar." It enables us to find the best and inspires us to identify ourselves with the best as far as we are able. So then, education in this sense gives quality to living.

For it is not enough, is it, merely to exist, to pass, to get by? We need to live enormously, on the crest of a wave, in order to find meaning, in order to find our own assigned place in the universal scheme. I believe that it is every man and woman's duty to him or herself to find this place, not only on a local modern level, but on a universal scale.

Having decided on a path, and having aimed with a single-minded determination at a star, we all occasionally need a renewal of courage. To paraphrase Emerson: Trust thyself. Great men and women have always done so. The power which is in you is new in nature. None but you know what it is that you can do, nor do you know until you have tried.

The Headmaster's Residence at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School

HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

(The Headmaster's Annual Message for 1972-1973 has been taken from the Headmaster's Address delivered at the closing exercises, June 23, 1973. Space does not permit us to include the entire speech.)

The conversation between Funk and his friend, reported in the newspaper, went something like this: "Boy, the last day of school sure was noisy. All that cheering and shouting and dancing around." Funky replies: "Yes, and the kids made a lot of noise too."

I must say that the last day of school was rather pleasant at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir School. I was proud of the deportment of our students. So much is heard about the bad things that young people do that perhaps some of them believe that this is the way the majority behaves. This is not the case, and particularly, it is not the case at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir. We are proud of our students and today, that of our Closing Exercises, in some manner, is a day to recognize all the good things that have happened.

The Worth Commission Report, "A Choice of Futures," supports "The promotion and maintenance of another kind of differentiated institution — the community school. A community school is one that provides for the intermingling of persons of differing ages, sexes, intelligence, socio-economic status, and ethnic origin as a basis for building mutual respect and understanding." This is certainly the case at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir and has been the case since our school began. Our community-school has for its community people from all over Calgary and the neighbouring area. You, as parents, as friends, as Board, as teachers represent the Strathcona-Tweedsmuir community. All of you are responsible for the success of Strathcona-Tweedsmuir and even though we are here to recognize excellence in our pupils, we are partly here to express our gratitude to all of you who contribute so much in time and talent to our success.

I would personally and publicly like to thank all my staff for the dedication and hard work they have contributed to the success of this year. We are building one year on another and this our second year has been a foundation year where the tremendous effort by the staff ensures that next year will be an even more successful one with many exciting plans already underway.

I would be negligent indeed if I did not, on your behalf, on behalf of the school, thank the ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary for the many volunteer tasks they have undertaken this year — the Living Skills program, the Library Assistance Program, the School Fair. These ladies have also given the school so many gifts both small and large. Ladies, if I have failed to mention something it is not because we do not appreciate the countless things you do for us.

We are so fortunate to have the calibre of women and men on our Board of Governors who have, this past year, worked countless hours as the parents' representatives for the good of the school. For the Chairman and all the Governors our gratitude is most sincere .

I must get in one final parting shot at our graduating class. All year I have stressed that our lives depend on three basics. The first is God, a superior and guiding influence which is good, not evil, kind, not thoughtless, continually forgiving, never vindictive. My personal belief is that it is essential that you continue to struggle and search for the Truth I call God and not give up this struggle for a nothing or void. Study and search for the rest of your lives to find your God.

The second basic is our country and the traditions and principles which have made us a most favoured people in the world. You must continue to study our heritage, our history, our political and economic past, for it is by knowing what our fathers and their fathers did that you will be guided in how you attack your life. Your forefathers took a chance and gambled in a new country. They did not ask to be given anything, they went out and worked for their successes. They believed in Canada and that in this land they could use their talents to make a full and successful life for themselves and you, their offspring.

Tackle life in the same spirit. Take a chance and don't look for someone else to do it for you. Do it yourself and Canada will continue to be the best land.

Finally, the third basic that I have stressed this year, after God and Canada, is yourself. You all have the potential for greatness. We at Strathcona-Tweedsmuir have given you of what we have and your parents have given of themselves. Now it is up to you. If you will spend a little time and think of yourself, you will find many strengths and a few weaknesses. Alright. Know yourself. Capitalize on your strengths and use them for all they are worth. Your health, your mind, your body, your spirit. Use your good health, fine mind, strong body and enthusiastic spirit to overcome any obstacle and to overcome any weakness you know you have. Nothing can stop you.

Cross-country skiing at the school.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

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E. DAVID DOVER

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MRS. HUGH C. MORRISON
MRS. J. MORRIS PRYDE
NORMAN L. REID
WILLIAM A. STEWART
JOHN H. STOREY

RECEPTION

FACULTY

HEADMASTER

W. A. HEARD
B.Ed. (University of Alberta), Alberta Teacher's Certificate

ASSISTANT HEADMASTER

P. B. DITCHBURN
B.A., Dip.Ed. (University of Melbourne), M.Ed. (University of Calgary)
Alberta Teacher's Certificate. Head of English Department.

R. H. Cojocar, Alberta Teacher's Certificate, Head of Elementary School
I. Dawood, B.A. (Hons.) (University of Natal), B.Ed., U.E.D. (University of South Africa), Alberta Teacher's Certificate. Head of Junior High School.
The Rev. R. O. Andrews, B.A., L.Th., B.Th. (University of Saskatchewan), Chaplain
Miss B. Bauer, B.Ed. (University of Calgary, Alberta Teacher's Certificate
G. G. Bauman, B.Sc. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
Madame J-P. Blotti, B.Ped. (Universite de Laval)
Mrs. K. W. Coskey, Alberta Teacher's Certificate
Mrs. K. Cox, B.Ed. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
G. D. Freight, B.A. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teachers' Certificate. Head of Modern Languages Department.
D. R. Garrison, B.Ed., M.Ed. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teacher's Certificate. Head of Mathematics-Science Department
Mrs. B. Harasymiw, B.A., M.A. (University of Alberta), Alberta Teacher's Certificate. Librarian
C. J. Hay, B.A. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teacher's Certificate. Head of Social Studies Department
Mrs. J. B. Kerr, B.Ped. (University of Manitoba), Alberta Teacher's Certificate.
B. Kilb, B.P.E., M.A. (University of Alberta), Alberta Teacher's Certificate. Director of Athletics
E. Lindsay, B.A. (University of London), M.A., B.
E. Lindsay, B.A. (University of London), M.A., B.Ed. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
J. H. McConnell, B.A. (University of Calgary), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
D. R. Nelson, B.Ed. (University of Alberta), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
S. Piorecky, B.Ed. (Charles University, Prague), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
J. E. Schmit, B.A., M.A. (Gonzaga University), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
A. G. Seeger, B.A. (University of Alberta), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
Mrs. K. Shaefer, B.Ed. (University of Victoria), Alberta Teacher's Certificate
Mrs. M. D. Stiles, B.Ed (University of Alberta), Alberta Teacher's Certificate

ADMINISTRATION

Mrs. J. A. Kirkham, Headmaster's Secretary
Wm. Morris, School Accountant
Mrs. M. Swain, Secretary
Mrs. C. J. Steiger, Reception
Mrs. M. Firkola, Secretary
B. Sills, Maintenance Supervisor

1972

Our farewells to retiring teachers were not ready at the time our 1971-1972 Yearbook went to press. We decided, threefore, to include them in our present Yearbook.

Mrs. J. M. McWilliam

Mrs. McWilliam began a teaching and administrative career, which was to span eighteen years, in her native Saskatchewan. She taught at Monmalla School, Kerrobert School, then left teaching to join the Canadian Women's Army Corps. On returning to education, Mrs. McWilliam became Assistant Principal then Principal of Sceptre School. Following her marriage she taught in Vancouver for a short time and after returning to Saskatchewan took over as Principal of Lemsford School. In 1964 Mrs. McWilliam and her family moved to Calgary where she joined the staff of Tweedsmuir School for Girls. In 1966 she was appointed Headmistress of Tweedsmuir.
When Strathcona and Tweedsmuir became a coordinate school at the Okotoks campus in 1971, Mrs. McWilliam became Head of Girls, a position she held until her retirement.
At the Closing Exercises, June 17, 1972, Board of Governors Chairman, E. D. Dover paid warm tribute to Mrs. McWilliam's "extreme dedication and responsibility to the teaching profession." On behalf of the Board, he presented her with a return trip to Europe for herself and her husband. Presentations were also made by the pupils of the school and the faculty.

Mrs. K. Marshall

Mrs. Marshall was the dedicated Secretary of Tweedsmuir School for Girls for nine years before she came on staff of the coordinate school as custodian of the bookstore. Mrs. Marshall will be remembered fondly by all who knew her as her wit and sense of humour made her many friends.

Mrs. V. E. T. A. Friesen

Mrs. Friesen joined the Tweedsmuir staff in 1967 as Grade 1 teacher. She brought with her an expertise acquired over more than forty years of teaching. She taught in a log cabin in northern Alberta; a screened off entry hall in London's East End; Public elementary schools in Calgary. To do justice to Mrs. Friesen's career would take more space than we have. However, we may say that she shared the riches of her learning and her wisdom most generously. She remained on the staff of the coordinate school for its inaugural year. We wish Mrs. Friesen a happy retirement, one that we know she will use to benefit others.

Mrs. M. Domoney

After two years at Tweedsmuir and one with STS, Mrs. Domoney resigned to accompany her husband to London, Ontario. Mrs. Domoney was our popular math teacher and leader of girls' hiking. We wish her all the very best for her new career in Ontario.

Mrs. P. S. Scourfield

Mrs. Scourfield left us at Easter, 1972 to accompany her husband and family to Durban, South Africa. She began her association with the school at Tweedsmuir in 1968 where she taught French and German. She continued to teach both French and German at STS. Mrs. Scourfield organized trips to France for her students and she piloted the Honours Club at STS. Mrs. Scourfield was honoured at a faculty luncheon where she was presented with an Eskimo carving.

Mrs. H. McLean

Mrs. McLean spent one year at STS as art teacher, resigning to accompany her husband and family to Peterborough, Ontario. Mrs. McLean inspired many of her students to creative work in both art and literature. We wish her and her family every success in their new life.

Mr. J. E. Breland

Our junior high French, mathematics and physical education teacher, Mr. Breland first joined Strathcona in 1970. Mr. Breland coached the hockey team and paved the way for Strathcona participation in inter-school competition. In his one year at STS he coached senior boys' volleyball, track and field and floor hockey. Mr. Breland resigned to take a posiiton in Stony Plain. We wish him, his wife and their young twin sons every success.

Mr. G. Tajcnar

Mr. Tajcnar, our math, physics and biology teacher in the senior school, came to STS after four years spent in Malaysia with the Canadian International Development Agency. Mr. Tajcnar was co-coach of the successful junior girls' volleyball team. He resigned from the faculty to take up an administrative appointment in Southern Alberta.

Mr. Bob Rensing

Our Business Manager since 1970, Mr. Rensing was responsible for the implementation of many of the plans for the new campus of the coordinate school. Mr. Rensing resigned to take a position in Vancouver, and our best wishes go with him.

1973

Mrs. Rose Mabee

Mrs. Mabee joined the staff of Strathcona School for Boys in 1957. In her fifteen years at both Strathcona and Strathcona-Tweedsmuir she inspired her young pupils and started so many on the right path of learning. Mrs. Mabee acquired not only the affection and respect of her pupils and their parents but also of the faculty. Those who have taught with Rose Mabee have been privileged. In retiring she has not lost her many friends at the school. We wish her, sincerely and affectionately, a very happy retirement.

Mrs. Marjorie Stiles

Mrs. Stiles joined Tweedsmuir in 1971 where she taught in the junior girls school, a position she also held during the inaugural year of the coordinate school. During this past year, Mrs. Stiles taught English in the elementary school and assisted in the library. A former writer for farm journals and the CBC, as well as regional executive of the Women's Institute, Mrs. Stiles plans to return to Didsbury for an active retirement. We wish her every success in her new ventures.

Mme. Pauline Blotti

Mme. Blotti spent one year with us teaching French in the elementary and junior high. We thank her for joining us and wish her every success for the future.

Mrs. Joanne Cox

Mrs. Cox spent one year with us and has resigned and accepted a teaching appointment in Calgary. Mrs. Cox coached the girls' basketball team and was a friend and counsellor to many girls in the school. We wish her every success in her new position.

Mrs. Maida Shaefer

Mrs. Shaefer has resigned to accompany her husband and family to Central Alberta where Mr. Shaefer has a new appointment. Mrs. Shaefer was our art teacher for one year. We wish her every success in her new life.

Mrs. Coreen Steiger

Mrs. Steiger joined the office staff at Strathcona in 1970. During her years with Strathcona and later, STS, Mrs. Steiger coped with an ever increasing amount of clerical responsibilities as well as acting as receptionist. Mrs. Steiger resigned to accompany her husband and family to Acme, Alberta, where they will farm. To a good friend we say sincere thanks and best wishes in your new career.

THE GRADUATING CLASS

GRADE XII

Back Row: Vic Didkowsky, Shawn McCrae, Pamela Heard, Louise Harvey, Ben Bennett, Calvin McClary, Alex McNiven, Mr. Schmit.

Middle Row: Kathy Wall, Cindy Kerr, Susan Blake, Bobby-Lee Courtney, Debbie Fedor, Cindy Laatsch.

Front Row: Bill Marks, Mark Sibley, Allan Chan, Ralph Scurfield.

Absent: Dick Sherlock.

1972-73

Grade 2-BB at Heritage Park

Snow-shoeing in February.

Ceramics

Rest after the race.

Louise Harvey braves the cold.

Familiar faces at Graduation Dinner-Dance.

GRADE ONE

Back Row: Andrew Weeks, Michael Pierce, Grant Mowat, Sean Rollins, Philip Thiessen, Mrs. Mabee.
Middle Row: Dawn Ekstrom, Angela Pattemore, Marina Sosukiewicz, Jennifer Kerr, Laura Shaefer.
Front Row: Allan Bernhard, Gerald Quinton, J. D. LeBlanc, David Elliott, John Pidgeon.
Absent: Kelly Webb, Steven Sklepowich, John Scurfield, Christina Riche, Robert Kaul, Mark Holland, Monica Bernhard.

GRADES TWO AND THREE B

Back Row: John Currie, Andrew Molitor, Glenn Coskey, Reggie Pattemore, Robert Morrison, Jonathan Marshall, Tom Nelson, Miss Bauer.
Middle Row: Stephen Waldie, Tim Hayoz, Andrew Gibson, Cameron Craine, Jason Hari.
Front Row: Michael Thakkar, Carson Drisdale, Jamie Gibson, Roddy Heard, Richard Pierce, Eric Hasiuk.
Absent: Andrew Rahme, Paul Proctor.

GRADES THREE AND FOUR G

Back Row: Janice McNeill, Bettina Jensen, Mrs. Kerr, Meg Davis, Cathy Mackie.

Middle Row: Renee Tetrault, Anita Chakravorty, Sara Goldstein, Jane Ravvin, Sloan Pipella, Mary Ann Brown.

Front Row: Jodi Pisko, Cheryl Shaefer, Lorraye Saik, Lisa Jackson, Michele Theriault, Suzanne Abt.

GRADE FOUR B

Back Row: John Bilton, Leroy Thiessen, Murray Laidlow, Robert Sturmer, Kenneth Drisdale, Paul Le Blanc, Paul Mathieson, Mr. Seeger.

Middle Row: Winton Bortenlanger, Bruno Delesalle, Peter Gammell, Ralph Smith, Lauchlin Lyons, Adam Walker.

Front Row: Paul Roach, David Thakkar, Michael Delves, Marco Mazzolani, David Thompson, Sterling Motta, Bart Borrett.

GRADE FIVE B

Back Row: Jay Cross, John MacKinnon, Grant Dean, Greg Marshall, Jason Blake, Robbie O'Connor, Robert Bridgewater, Mr. Bauman.

Middle Row: Graham Robertson, John Dundas, Michael Shuttleworth, Thomas Kramer, Blair Douglas, Paul Glenfield.

Front Row: Andrew Wolf, Simon Goldstein, Christopher DeVeth, John Ballem, Todd Trimble, Stephen Pillow, Mark LeBlanc.

GRADES FIVE AND SIX G

Back Row: Jennifer Hasiuk, Kelly Gough, Patrizia Mazzolani, Ann Simpson, Leslie Oughton, Kim Bridgewater, Melanie McCaig, Lindsay Rohloff, Mrs. Coskey.

Middle Row: Cheryl Hamilton, Janice White, Anne Hordos, Laurie McMichael, Debra Juchem, Susan Hay.

Front Row: Karen Mackie, Elizabeth Molitor, Leanne Oughton, Carla Hooper, Ruth Hansen, Sherry-Anne McKay, Fiona Turnbull.

GRADE SIX B

Back Row: Russell Morrison, Robert Chabros, Clark Grigsby, Wayne Woods, Wayne Millice, Tony Otto, Lawrence Dundas, Mr. Cojocar.

Middle Row: David Fathi, James Tilley, Robert Spiro, Mitchell Ravvin, Nicholas Winston, Jamie Crone.

Front Row: Donald MacKinnon, Stewart McMichael, Christopher Morton, Barry Clauson, Jeffrey Crone, Robert Griffith, David Jackson.

GRADE SEVEN

Back Row: Madame Blotti, Ellen Ravvin, Martha Newell, Virginia Wilson, Gail Amundsen, Katie Hansen.

Middle Row: Melanie Tetrault, Gretchen Cross, Dawn Springer, Jacqueline Vince, Julie Prette, Lynette Corkin.

Front Row: Patricia Cooper, Jamie Motta, Kathy Lamb, Carol Shuttleworth.

Absent: Mary Ann Considine.

GRADE SEVEN 78

Back Row: Randy MacDonald, Peter Turner-Bone, Mike Pryor, Trevor Balding, James Kastens, Rod Ashburner, Patrick Lagarde, Mr. Piorecky.

Middle Row: John Arnold, David Ryan, Bill Griffith, Loren Crone, Bob Wall, Terry Dunn, Jeff Agar.

Front Row: Bill Krebs, Richard Lowe, James Shymka, Bob Rankin, Ross Willis, James Sheptycki, Trey Morrison.

GRADES SEVEN AND EIGHT B 78

Back Row: Bruce Conway, Mark Heard, Larry Griffith, Sandy Morrison, Paul McKenna, Colin Hay, Philip Mayson, Doug Johnson, Mr. Dawood.

Middle Row: David Enns, Paul Storwick, Bob Morrison, Doug McNiven, Rod Kirkham, David Brown, Colin Lamb.

Front Row: David Bee, Jay Lyons, Bruce Leslie, Tim Oldford, Bruce Conway, Jack MacNichol, Bill Acteson.

GRADE EIGHT

Back Row: Jane Manning, Moyra Mackinnon, Julie-Ann Stapleton, Jennifer Jackson, Michelle Jager, Lindsay Mair, Mrs. Shaefer.

Middle Row: Pamela Cross, Susan Gregory, Nancy Pasukonis, Betsy Harvie, Clara Cowling, Ann Meeker, Cynthia Heard.

Front Row: Alison Martin, Simonne LeBlanc, Sheryl Lowe, Wendy Sloan, Kathy Francis, Shelley Raffin, Amy Hewitt.

Absent: Deborah Levy.

GRADE EIGHT-NINE

Back Row: Lorne Chark, Tom Cooper, Graham Smith, Brian Parke, Brian Leslie, Brian White, Blaine Wiber, Barry Gardner, Mr. McConnell.

Middle Row: Ron Kluzak, Philip Vince, Greg Storwick, Tom Wadsworth, John Dover, Robbie Gardner, Scott Light, Bruce Rombough.

Front Row: Mort Kline, Alan Alger, Glen Nicholls, Tim Pryde, Christopher Roach, Terry Hleuka, Brent Watson, John Wansbrough.

GRADE NINE 74

Back Row: Jane McQuitty, Lori-Jean Larson, Diane Hamilton, Elizabeth Maguire, Diane McNiven, Cynthia Hayward, Margaret McMichael, Sandra Kline, Mr. Nelson.

Middle Row: Lucille Garstin, Molly Lawson, Julie Scott, Ann Conway, Christine Baker, Marita Marks, Gail Humphreys.

Front Row: Shauna Blake, Laura Boswell, Margaret MacInnes, Sue Bartley, Ruth Gray, Nancy Gammell.

GRADE NINE 74

Back Row: Richard Boyd, Bob Brennan, Doug McKinnon, Kirk Van Tornhout, David Johnson, Stuart Craig, Mr. Freight.

Middle Row: David Luxford, Bill Rankin, Mike Storey, David Boley, Wayne Barker, Mackin Oxendale, Brett Kyle, Tanneguy de Jubecourt.

Front Row: Danny Hunt, Roger Patterson, Auby Hashman, Blake Marshall, Andrew Craine, Brad Kluzak, Bob Gammell, John Brown.

Absent: Dick Fullerton, Jack Krusche, Robert Levy.

GRADE TEN

Back Row: Mrs. Cox, Bob Louisy, Patty Pryor, James Kelly, Janice Heard, Stuart Davis, Carol Shymka, Ross Clauson, Laura Leslie, Kevin Pearson, Theresa Roenisch.

Middle Row: Lisa Heffter, Lynn Klassen, Carrell Laboret, Diana Stuart, Bonnie Rohl, Corinne Matthews, Frances Amery, Mary Harvey.

Front Row: Jay Gelmon, Jamie Delves, Bern Dayment, Harvey Locke.

Absent: Sylvia Sherlock, Stephanie Larson.

GRADE ELEVEN

Back Row: Ian Atkinson, Brian Peacock, Darra-Lee Poole, Steve Johnson, Robert White, Scott Matthews, Mr. Garrison.

Middle Row: Pam Macdonald, Brenda Hayward, Patty Wall, Jane Hutchinson, Karen Proctor, Leigh Currie, Amy Ho.

Front Row: Bruce Gammell, Mel Evans, Eric Chan, Ted Thurston, Harvey Hummel.

Absent: Heather Ross.

June 12, 1973

TO: The Faculty

FROM: The Office

It is prohibited by law to transport guns or animals via the school bus.

Please announce to all classes that students carrying guns, in particular, will not be picked up.

Yes — but watch the snakes!

October 27, 1972

Dear Parents:

Your son is a member of the Strathcona-Tweedsmuir Chess Club and right now the Club is planning a tournament. Mr. Heard, our Headmaster, can obtain ten chess sets at a reasonable price of $1.49 each to enable us to have the tournament. Chess Club dues are $2.00 and this money would permit us to pay for the chess sets and provide a cup for each of the division champions.

If you approve of your son being in the Chess Club and of our budgeting, we would appreciate very much if you could consider contributing $2.00 to our funds.

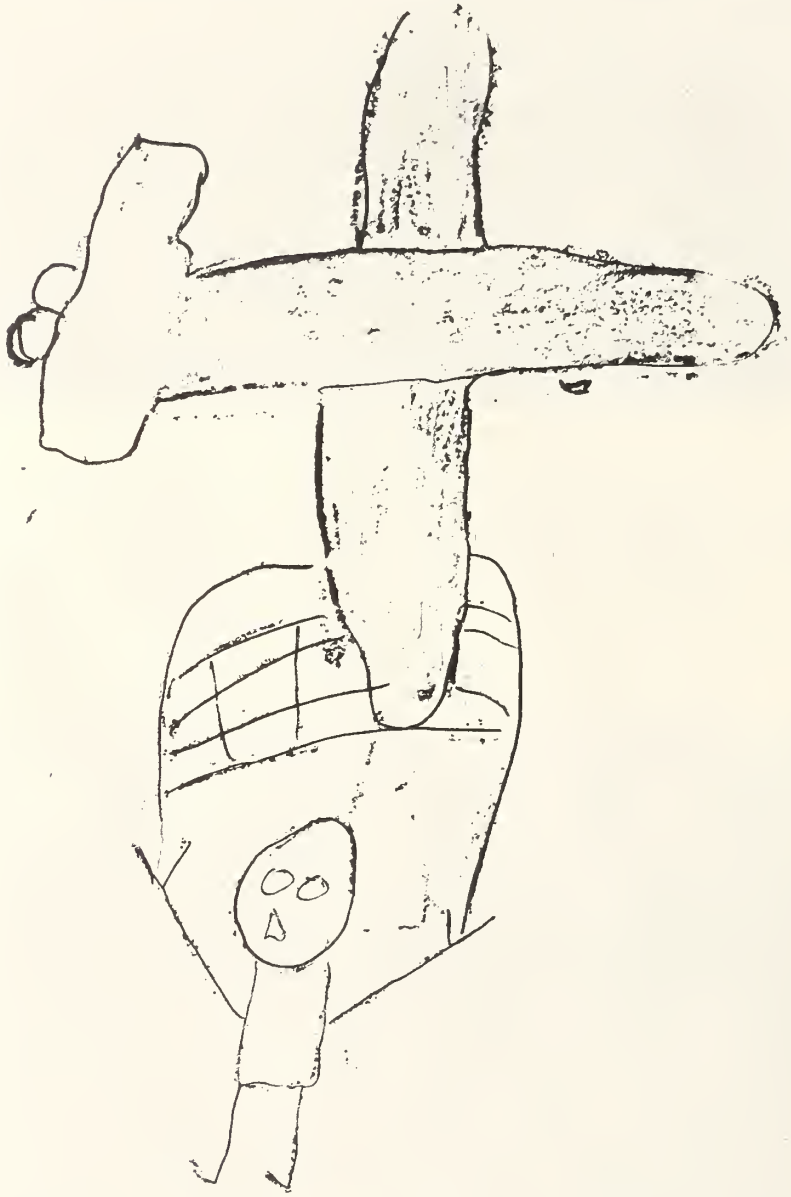
David Luxford, Co-ordinator
Roger Patterson, Assistant Co-ordinator
Robert Levy, Assistant Co-ordinator

THE SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL SEARCH SEMINARS

During the course of this year the senior high students were addressed by fifteen guest speakers, too many to report about individually so we have compiled a list of the speakers and their interesting topics. This year's successful seminar series was organized by Mr. Hay.

October 18	Mr. Harvey Ghitter	"Russia"
October 25	Warden Jackson	"Spy Hill Correctional Institute"
November 1	Mr. David Dover	"Air Racing"
November 8	Mr. Rick Grandmaison	"Art"
November 22	Ms. Katherine Warren	"Women in Canada"
November 29	Mr. Sandy Parke	"Drugs and the Law"
December 6	Rabbi Ginsburg	"Century Calgary and Famous Canadian Athletes"
January 24	Mr. Bill Patterson	"Labour-Management"
January 31	Mr. Bill Stewart	"On Being a University Student"
February 7	Dr. R. Pharis	"Elbow-Sheep Wilderness Project"
February 21	Mr. Bob Coupland	"Sky-Jacking"
March 7	Mr. J. Stevens	"Management and Trade Unions"
March 21	Mr. Dave Morphy	"Mount Royal College"
March 28	Mr. James Gray	"The Novel in Canada"
May 2	Mr. Norm Willumsen	"Firearms"

activities



Miss Bauer Jumps

Gibson

Miss B. Bauer, our intrepid Grade 2-3B teacher, took up parachute jumping this spring. Gibson has recorded that first landing for posterity.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

After weeks of rehearsing the Strathcona-Tweedsmuir Drama Club presented "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens just in time to end the fall term. The cast of thousands included Bill Marks as the misanthropist Scrooge, Harvey Hummel as Bob Cratchit, Brian Peacock as the dashing Fred Ebeneezer and Barry Clauson as a perfect Tiny Tim.

The four ghosts, Pam Macdonald, Janice Heard, Jane Hutchinson and Frances Amery were terrifying as they appeared out of the world of the supernatural. They can't wait to play similar roles in Macbeth.

We extend our thanks to Mrs. Harasymiw who produced the play, to Mrs. Prentice and Mrs. Hazai who provided such excellent musical accompaniment with the school orchestra. Without the efforts of these ladies the production would not have enjoyed the smashing success it did.

Fran Amery

TALENT NIGHT

The audience was hushed while awaiting the commencement of the Third Annual Talent Night on March 23rd. The program, organized by Mr. Nelson, was the culmination of weeks of auditions and rehearsals.

Part One of the program comprised the elementary piano students under the direction of Mrs. Hazai. In Part Two, elementary students performed a variety of acts ranging from mime and dance to recitation and baton twirling. In Part Three the School Band presented its rendition of "Scarborough Fair." This was followed by the string students and then the Orchestra, both under the direction of Mrs. Prentice, playing a selection of classical items. During Parts Four and Five, the Grade seven girls presented a Radio Recipe, directed by Mrs. Shaefer, and the junior and senior high students in Mrs. Cox's classes gave a thematic poetry presentation.

Part Six, the grand finale, proved a tremendous success as guitarists Bob Louisy, Wayne Barker, Christine Baker, Bruce Gammell and Mel Evans presented some contemporary and country music.

The 1973 program was undoubtedly a booming success and our sincere thanks go to the organizers and participants and to Dick Sherlock, the master of ceremonies who kept the program running smoothly.

Fran Amery

GRADUATION DINNER DANCE

The STS graduation dinner dance was held this year on May 19, at the beautiful Inn on Lake Bonavista. For the first time the parents of all senior high students were invited to attend and the response was overwhelming. A capacity crowd filled the banquet room overlooking the moonlit lake. Among the guests attending were the Chairman of the Board and Mrs. Dover, the Headmaster and Mrs. Heard, School Governors and faculty members.

The band, Vocal Minority, was the life of the party. It maintained a continuous medley of past, present and future tunes that enticed everyone to dance until they were exhausted. To keep the party going into the wee hours, Mark Sibley hosted an after party at his cabin on Chestermere Lake and a graduation breakfast of burnt bacon sandwiches brought the festivities to an end.

Recognition is given to Ben Bennett and his assistants for organizing the Dinner Dance. The location, the entertainment and the fare were excellent. The Harveys and Haywards must also be commended for the wonderful before parties they hosted.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Tuesday, October 31, 1972

The Elementary School staged a magnificent Halloween party this year. All the teachers and students participated. Costume prizes were awarded to the following students:

Best Hallowe'en Costume — Witch — Angela Pattemore.

Most Original Costume — Warrior — Lawrence Dundas.

Funniest Costume — Green Mask — Morrison

Native Costume — Cheryl Shaefer

TRAP CLUB

Senior Trap Shooters: Kevin Pearson, Mr. J. Hay, Steve Johnson, Brian Peacock.

This year the Trap Club, under the direction of Mr. Hay, has made great progress. In the fall a father-son trap shoot was held and attracted sixty competitors. In the spring a very successful biathalon was held. Our shooters have become so proficient that we hope to be able to host some inter-school shoots next fall.

Brian Peacock

THE ANNUAL PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Seventy-six semi-finalists in the annual public speaking contest arrived on the fine spring evening of May 25th to compete for six coveted trophies. During the preceding week excitement began to mount as the eliminations were held by the homeroom and English teachers. Students practised speeches on the buses, in the corridors, and out in the grounds. After the eliminations, 21% of the student body were selected for the semi-finals. The topics of their speeches ranged from "The Tooth Fairy" (Jennifer Kerr, Grade 1) to "Watergate" (Alex McNiven, Grade XII).

The action began at 7:30 p.m. when the 76 semi-finalists entered nine rooms where the selection process for the finalists began. School Governors and friends of the School formed the judging panels. One hour later groups of parents and students were seen clustered around doorways anxiously awaiting the decisions. And out they came, one by one, and the twenty-one finalists moved to the gym for the final round.

With the transportable swimming pool occupying one-half of the gymnasium and serving as an interesting background, the finals began in earnest. Two hours later the judging panels returned with their decisions. The champion speakers were as follows:

Grades 1 & 2 — Laura Shaefer
"My Grandmother"

Grades 3 & 4 — Paul Proctor
"The Seven Ancient Wonders of the World"

Grades 5 & 6 — David Jackson
"Freddie McCall — A Canadian Hero"

Grades 7 & 8 — Betsy Harvie
"The Effects of Scientific Technology"

Grade 9 — Shauna Blake
"Bernini"

Grades 10-12 — Bill Marks
"Satisfaction"

Sponsored by the English Department of the School, the Public Speaking Contest again proved to be a success. It began as an annual contest at Strathcona approximately forty years ago and has bceome part of the school tradition, a tradition which has continued at STS. To our teachers, the organizers and the judges, we express our appreciation for their support and encouragement.

DEBATING

This year's debating season was both demanding and frustrating. In the first place a heavy schedule of competitions had been slated for the year, but at the same time debaters had to cope with changes in debating style introduced by the provincial debating association. The frustrating feature of the season was the clash between debating competitions and other school and sports activities in which our debaters also participated.

However, the year was not a total loss. John Brown attended the very successful Workshop at Lake Isle in November. In December, Janice Heard and John Brown participated in the Queen Elizabeth High School Workshop which prepared participants for the TV series "Debate." In January our debaters attended an impromptu debating competition hosted by Sir Winston Churchill High School. The All Alberta Model Parliament was held in Edmonton, February 2nd and 3rd. Some of the debates were actually held in the Legislature. Leigh Currie represented STS at this grand event.

Our final event for the year was our appearance in the TV series "Debate." We competed against Lord Beaverbrook High School and the topic was: "That binding arbitration should replace the right to strike in labour-management disputes." We had the affirmative case and lost to Lord Beaverbrook.

We hope next year, with the return of our seasoned debaters and with a close eye on the calendar, to have a very successful season.

FIELD TRIPS

There were at least 30 field trips this year, far too many to provide detailed reports. However, we have included two reports as they capture the spirit of much of the learning that is acquired on our field trips. While some classes went to the Glenbow Museum and to Banff, others went to the Planetarium, the Glenbow Art Gallery, the Leighton Centre, Drisdale's Farm, Heritage Park, the University of Calgary, Magistrate's Court, the Supreme Court, a radio station, a Chinese restaurant, the airport, the fuel cell powerplant, Drumheller, a synagogue and some went to Sunshine to ski and others attended the Rodeo Royal.

A DAY IN BANFF

It all started off when we were talking about Indians. So we arranged it. We got into a small bus and took off. Our driver was Mrs. White, and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Goldstein and Mrs. Davis were supervising us.

On the way to Banff we passed Jumping Pound which is a cliff where buffalo were driven over. We went on and reached the park gates, drove around in a semi-circle and came to the Luxton Museum. There we saw bears, wolves and a gopher and they were all stuffed. We also saw Indians having ceremonies.

After we toured the museum we went into the Trading Post then got back into the bus and went to see the town. Mrs. Goldstein bought us ice cream which must have cost a lot. Later we headed for Lake Minnewanka where we had lunch. On our way home we saw a coyote and a hog's back. We stopped for gas and then we went home. I hope we go to Banff again.

Sara Goldstein, Grade 4

A TRIP TO THE GLENBOW

We went to the Glenbow Museum on Friday, May 4th to learn about Indian myths. The ladies at the museum explained to us that Indians believe that the world is a three part system: the earth, where they live; the sky world where the birds live; the underworld, where the fish live. One lady described the system as three discs, one on top of each other.

The class was then split up and we were taken to a teepee. There we learned many different customs about the Indians. One custom was that men walk into the teepee from the right and women from the left. Inside, they sit the same way, men to the right, women to the left and none is to sit blocking the doorway.

Finally, we were taken to the exhibits. There we learned myths of the Plains Indians and the Coastal Indians.

Melanie McCaig, Grade 5

OUTDOORS CLUB EXPEDITIONS

The Outdoors Club organized three trips for the summer of '73. Reports of these trips should appear in next year's Paidia.

Mr. Nelson is to lead a back-packing trip through bush and alpine country in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Piorecky and Mr. Schmit are to lead a canoe trip around the Bowron Lake circuit in British Columbia and Mr. Kilb and Mr. Hay will lead a trail riding trip in the Junction Creek area, west of the Sheep River ranger station.

As usual, Mr. Bauman took his Grade 5B class for their camping trip on the Highwood at the end of May - early June. A most successful trip, it was eagerly awaited by all the 5Bs. Special thanks to Mr. Ray for all his help and to parents who drove and collected the students.

CF NEWS
CHURCHILL FALLS

1972-73

April 28, 1973
PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY
CHURCHILL FALLS (LABRADOR) CORPORATION LIMITED

"Dear Sir: You sent me information on the Churchill Falls development for my school project. I entered it in the science fair and won third prize for best self-made project. Thank you very much... Yours sincerely, Lawrence Dundas." (Calgary, Alberta.) Congratulations, Larry. Hope yours works as well as ours does.

Lawrence Dundas, 6B, wins Third Prize for Calgary Science Fair project.

7 boys head out on Bow River.

Mud, mud, glorious mud — 11 and 12B.

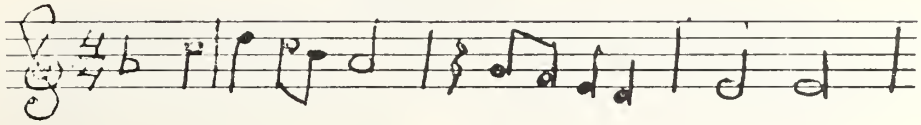
Grade 7's at Drumheller.

9G make-up class for Christmas play.

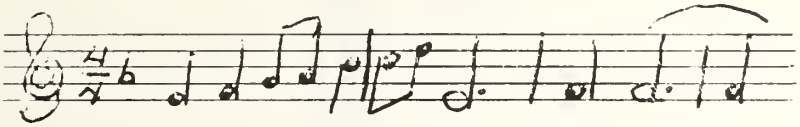
End of term picnic.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

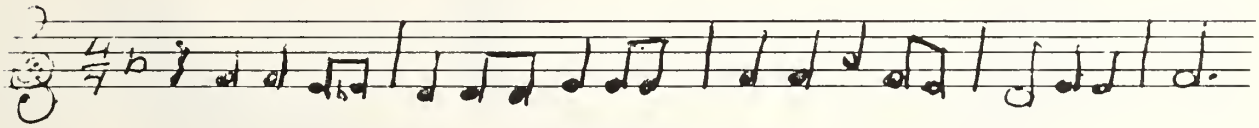
A day begins. Such a simple and important thing and with it everything begins anew.
A boy wakes up in bed. His day begins.



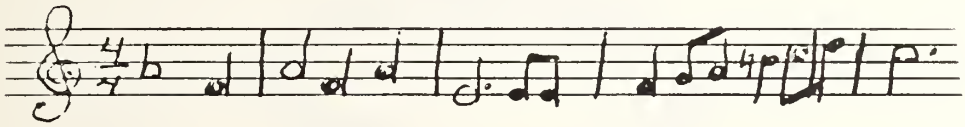
He stretches and gets out of bed and readies himself for school.
The sun beams on him as he saunters down the road to his appointment with the school bus . . .



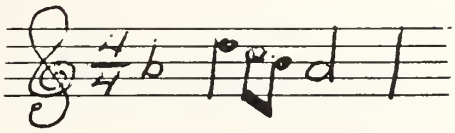
At school he joins his friends. Should he play chess, frolic outside or play in the gym?



He trudges or speeds through the school day according to his temperament.

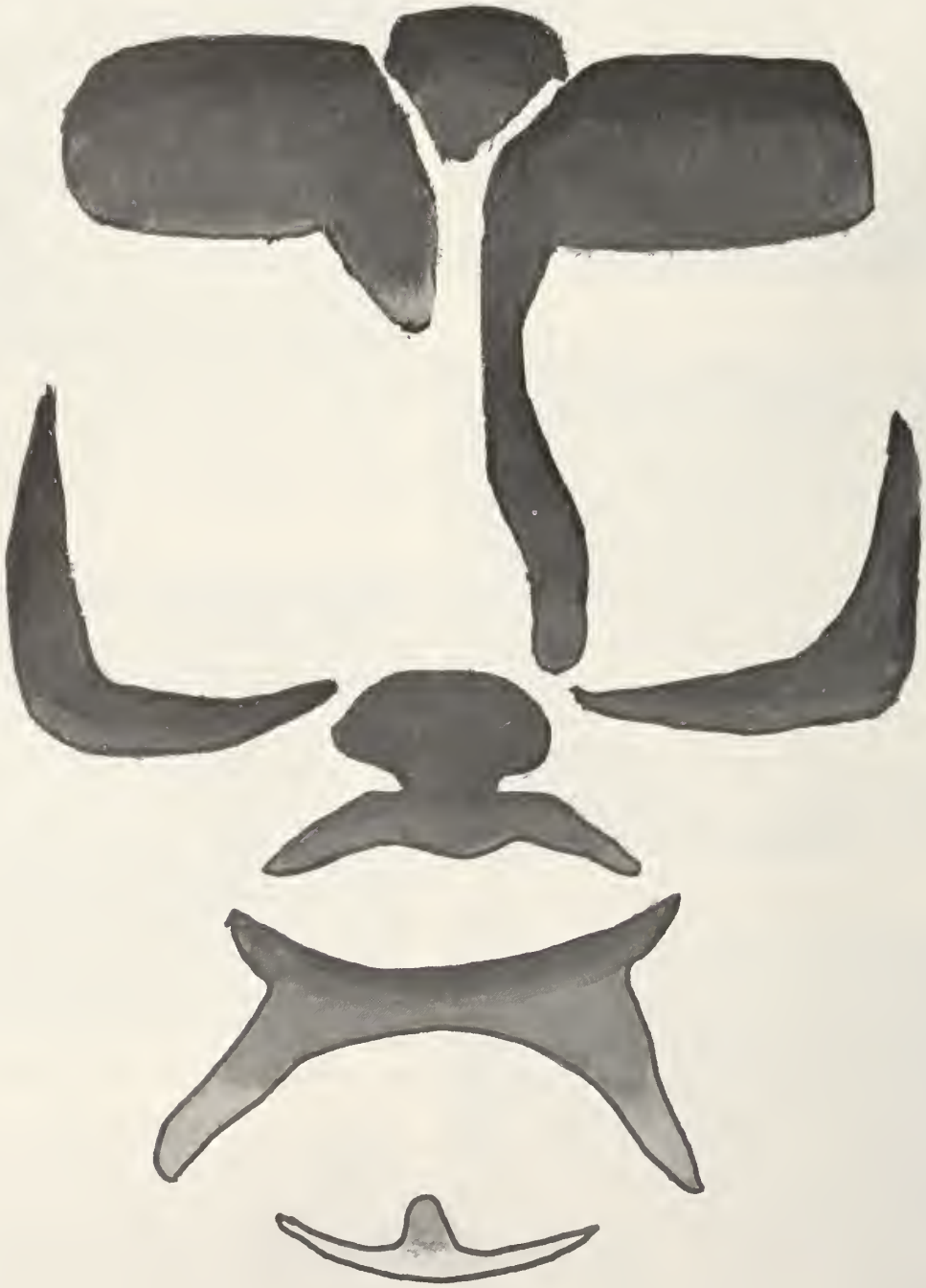


He returns home, eats dinner and goes to bed.
Soon a flock of similarly spent days go by and he is a young man.
More days go by and he is on his deathbed looking at the years of his life.
The world is a wonderful place. Enjoy it.



Roger Patterson, Grade 9B.

arts



"Face In Shadow"

MORT Kline

HAPPINESS IS . . .

camping and having pillow fights in bed.
J. D. LeBlanc, 6, Grade 1

getting to lick out a bowl.
John Scurfield, 5, Grade 1

getting a new bag of pens.
John Pidgeon, 6, Grade 1

sleeping on a train going back to Calgary.
Angela Pattemore, 7, Grade 1

going down a slide.
Christina Riche, 6, Grade 1

JIM AND THE GHOST

Jim was walking down the street one day. Suddenly he saw something bright and shiny in front of him. It was a ghost! The ghost made a sound which frightened Jim very much.

Jim ran to a bush and hid. When the ghost came by Jim jumped out of the bush and shouted, "Boo!" The ghost went quickly away.

Andrew Molitor, Grade 2

THE OLD MAN

Once there was an old man that had the worst, torn clothes in the whole city. I felt sorry for him because he had a leg with a limp. It hurt his feelings when people stared at the way he walked. He was always kind to people even though they were not always kind to him.

Paul Proctor, Grade 3

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

One upon a time there was a very old house with cracked windows, torn rugs, ripped curtains and out in the yard there was a rusted car. The house also had one spooky ghost and a few mice and alleycats. I wanted to go in so I opened the spooky door and down came a ghost and one alleycat. I yelled and ran home.

Stephen Waldie, Grade 3

Falling to the ground
Snow makes little flakes look like
Tiny twinkling stars.

David Thakkar, Grade 4

THE HARE

My horse and I stopped by a brook
Just to look and look and look.
We looked around and saw a hare
Trembling with fear, caught in a snare.
I ran to it and set it free,
And now that hare belongs to me.

Lindsay Rohloff, Grade 5

THE WINTER LAND

God, he coats the world with snow,
The people of the North, they know.
It seems to them every time they're out
The wind decides to scream and shout.
The snow it goes right past their knees
As the Eskimo a seal he sees.
He sets out to get it right away
While the seal decides to stay.
He gets the seal for his good wife
As the polar bear tries to take his life.
As a man he draws his axe
Not a bit of strength the polar lacks.
The man decides to strike its shoulder,
The Eskimo grows a little bolder.
The bear sees that he is beat
And knocks the man right off his feet.
Beast is beaten and runs away
And the man will hunt another day.

Todd Trimble, Grade 5.

SPRING

Aren't you glad that spring has come
And the flowers are blooming in the sun?
And the ice has melted and gone away,
And the horses eat the fresh green hay?

Tina Jessen, Grade 4

WHAT EDUCATION MEANS TO ME

To me education is an important part of life. The three R's, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic are all part of education. Learning to skate and swim is part of education. If people were not educated they would not have books to read or cars to drive around in and they wouldn't be able to go on airplanes or trains or boats.

All the people in the world are part of certain forms of society. All the societies in the world are educated in a different way. For instance, Pygmies learn to hunt in the jungle, what kind of berries are poisonous and so on and so on.

But we learn how to read and write and how to add and subtract. We learn language and grammar while other children may be learning sign language. We may be learning how to swim while Eskimos may be learning how to make holes in the ice and how to hunt. But what our society learns and what other societies learn, we all have something in common. We are all being educated no matter what we learn or how we learn it.

Sara Goldstein, Grade 4

SAILING

Last summer I took sailing lessons and we bought a sailboat. I haven't had so much fun in a long time. The City of Calgary Recreation Department offers sailing lessons on Glenmore Reservoir. You are allowed to use two kinds of boats: a Sabot, which is a boat with one sail, and a Flying Junior, which is a boat with two sails.

You learn new words. For example, do you know what a clew is, or a tack, or a batten, or a cringle? Well, they are all parts of a sail. The bow is the front of a boat and the stern is the back. On the port means on the left, and starboard means right. Leeward means the direction away from the wind and windward means toward the wind. In addition to learning new vocabulary, you also learn new knots.

One exciting thing about sailing is a capsize. A sudden gust of wind can throw the boat over and suddenly you are in the water. But it only takes a few minutes to get the boat upright, bailed out, and then away you go. If you are careful, you can even go through a capsize without getting wet.

Once you have learned the basic fundamentals of sailing, you can start racing. In international racing, people from all over the world who own the same type of boat compete against each other, so racing can mean new friends in other countries.

Sailing is fun! I suggest you try it.

Donald Mackinnon, Grade 6

OVERCONFIDENCE

We're ahead two points
Laughter comes easy.
Pressure slackens
We become more careless
And start to pick up fouls
Then we find the score tied.
We sober and try to work our numbing legs.
A pass is intercepted for the other team.
We desperately take after them
But before we reached the basket
The ball had been sunk untouched
For two points.
We then went wild.
We were desperate to get back two points.
The sweat streamed down our faces.
We started taking wild shots.
Thirty seconds! We jumped
And got the ball.
A shot went up but missed.
With a rebound in favour of the other team.
The buzzer went and the game was over
And there were no excuses.

Ron Kluzak, Grade 8-9B.

SLIDING

At the hill,
I don't know,
I guess I will.
Don't push me.
Not now, please,
No, Oh, Wheeee . . .
On my face,
At the bottom.
Up the hill,
To the top.
Down the hill?
Sure, I will!

Jane Manning, Grade 8G

SIGN OF WINTER

it glistens in the sunlight
like a bed of diamonds
it is covered with exhaust
turned filthy and iced
it lays on a pond
smooth as smoothed wood
it lays on a field with tracks
made by loud machines
it lay on hills the sign
of winter

Jane Manning, Grade 8G

LA MERCEDES-BENZ

La Mercedes-Benz est une grande auto sport qui a une réputation internationale. La dernière et plus moderne de ces autos est la 280SL qui est un développement des premier modèles 230 et 250 SL extérieurement presqu'identiques.

La 280 SL est disponible en trois modèles: bicyclettes routières avec un toit pliable plus toit dur et une combinaison des deux dans lequel le toit peut-être enlevé et démonté et aussi le convertible avec un toit de métal. Soit une transmission de quatre vitesses manuelles ou une transmission automatique de quatre vitesses peut-être installée.

La différence de la 280 SL avec la plupart des autres autos est le luxe. Le tableau de bord est bourré par prudence et l'intérieur est spacieux. Il y a un bon support des sièges pour les tournants vites. Un système double de freins donne des freins puissants.

Le six cylindres à haute compression reçoit le gaz par son injecteur à pétrole et développe 1956 CV à 5900 RPM lorsque munit d'une transmission manuelle et un peu moins lorsque munit d'une transmission automatique.

Mark Heard and Sandy Morrison
Grade 7-8B

VERSAILLES

Versailles est une ville du nord de la France. Elle est située à douze kilomètres au sud-ouest de Paris.

A Versailles il y a le palais nommé après la ville de Versailles. Le palais de Versailles est presque trois quarts de kilomètre long et contient plusieurs centaines de salles. Une fameuse salle du palais est la Galerie des Glaces. Le parc a été dessiné par Andre le Notre. Au centre du parc il y a un sentier de tapis vert.

Versailles était construit principalement pour la chasse. Plus tard, en 1661, Louis XIII construit un palais auprès de la même location et a dépensé plus de cent millions de francs. Les rois qui lui ont succédé ont ajouté plusieurs salles. Beaucoup d'argent et de prodigalités causeront en partie la révolution française.

En 1789 les généraux français se sont rassemblés à Versailles et ont décidé la révolution française.

A la fin de la guerre franco-prussienne, Versailles était la capitale de la France pour un temps.

Vers 1950, John Rockefeller a donné à la France $2,850,000. Une partie de cette donation a été utilisée à restaurer le palais et la parc à leur apparence originale. Maintenant le palais est un musée.

Bruce Conway and Russell Gregory
Grade 7-8B

LOST

Hokey-Ding! What on earth could this be? A tree with a green trunk? And white leaves? I think I'll climb to the top and investigate. It sure is slippery and there aren't any branches for a while. Whew, a branch at last. I think I'll take a rest.

At last I reached the enormous white leaves and parted them to look through. There above me was the beautiful, clear blue sky and around me there was a beautiful smell that enriched my lungs with pleasure. I jumped up and found myself in a little yellow meadow in the middle of the white leaves. When I looked at myself I realized I was completely yellow.

Then I heard a buzzing sound and I looked up to see a thing with a striped shirt on. At any other time I would have loved to meet him, but right now he was heading straight for me. I screamed and yelled and waved my arms but he proceeded downwards. I must have been just as yellow as the meadow for he didn't see me. He must have been deaf too. Thank goodness! He landed just about an eighth of an inch away from me! With a relieved soul I observed him and found that he was sucking something from the meadow. Finished now he soared off with such speed it sent me hurtling backwards. I had just scrambled up when I found a much bigger thing coming towards me. This one had a pointy nose. He did the same thing.

Life could be quite good for a flower without the birds and the bees.

Ruth Gray, Grade 9G

REBIRTH

The river, once a creek but now swollen with fruits stolen from the snow-laden slopes, ruled as a tyrant does over itself and the things entrapped in the folds of his current.

The river flowed, crashed, ducked and eddied in one harmonious unit. It was peaceful on the near level stretches of its course and full of ire over the discrepancies in the level plain, a small boulder jutting up out of the earth, a steep drop in its path. Those things it could not control. It threaded its way through the ice-packs to find freedom on the other side. It weaved through the bushes on the banks which had formerly been its jailer. It had now conquered the banks. It defied one and all to conquer it.

IT, that is what we called it, for what other name is there to call it, the supreme ruler? It was more than mere water, it was a current of emotions eddying and flowing down its pre-destined path.

One received the impression that a thousand lives were intertwined in it. Caputred by its full pull we were drawn to it, to share the joys and the fears of the lives in it. For a moment we, the river, and all those who had looked into the river as we had, were one. Some of us thought the river to be good and pure in its thoughts; others thought it to be malevolent. Above all, though, it was a river, a ruler.

Roger Patterson, Grade 9B

RAISING A CALF

Living in the country, I joined the 4H and found what an enjoyable experience it was to raise my own calf.

First of all you pick out a yearling steer and you look for these features: straight back, tall, not too long, and of course certain breeds matter also. After you have chosen your calf you feed it special grains for ten months. You also attend meetings once a month where everyone talks about calves.

On June 9th, everyone meets at the Uneeda Auction Market to sell their calves. The night before the auction you have to wash your calf and braid his tail so that it fluffs out.

Last year I got my calf settled down in his stall — which included getting his own private radio going. Next we went and got his weight which was 1100 pounds. Last of all, before the showing, I sat down behind him on a chair and fluffed out his tail while he wiggled to the music. At last show time came and Charlie and I set out for the ring. Charlie placed fourth out of twenty-five and we won the Showmanship Trophy. Charlie and I were very happy with our performance and went back to our stall to wait for half an hour until the Interclub Showmanship Performance and when that took place we came fourth out of fifteen.

When you are showing your calf, it looks best to the judges if you hold your hand up high, keep working on your calf, and most important, keep your calf's legs straight so that he looks like a box. These steps lead to good showmanship.

At the end of the day, at 7:00 p.m., the 4H members sell their beloved pets. We all sold from highest to lowest weights. After I sold Charlie (who was bought by Canada Packers) I cried all the way to his pen. Later I went back and cut a little snip of hair from his tail so that I could remember him. I didn't eat beef for three months afterwards in case I ate Charlie.

My dad, mom and I went back to collect Charlie's belongings. When we were walking to the car we passed Charlie. He let out one big bellow and licked my arm. Of course I cried all the way home.

On the night of the banquet I received my trophy but it wasn't the same knowing that Charlie earned all this and he didn't see his prize.

I now have a new calf named Jiffy and on June 9th the same thing will happen again!

Christine Baker, Grade 9G

ALONE UNTIL DEATH

I am left to look after my sister, Winona.
No one to see the helpless tears in my eyes.
Who will stay with us,
Stay by our side?
Who will check to see I'm doing things right?

My mother left us
Like deserted cubs, scared and alone.
My mother's not far,
She'll come to us soon.
Winona is crying,
We have no food.

Winona, dear sister,
Mother says she is sick.
She has to take medicine —
She calls it booze.
She comes back happy
With no more pain.
Next day she's sick,
Her head aches again.
The medicine's gone
She must buy more quick.

Winona is coughing.
I can smell smoke!
Winona, what's wrong?
Why do I choke?
Let's go to the door and get some fresh air,
You will stop coughing.

Oh no!
Fire!
Step back quickly,
It hurts!
The room's getting hot,
The window's shut tight.
Ouch!

What do I do now?
Winona don't choke!
I'm scared of this fire,
I am just a child.
I wish daddy could hear us
And put out this fire.
But he's with the Great Spirit
Up in the sky.

Let's crouch in the corner
And pray to Great Spirit.
It's getting hotter,
The fire's spreading quickly!
Oh mommy!
Come get us!
It's hard to breathe.
Winona's asleep.
I'm tired of fighting the fire and heat,
I'll follow Winona
And just go to sleep.

Heather Ross, Grade 11

THE LOCKE CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

This year Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Locke presented an award for creative writing in the senior high school. The award was given for the best poem and the best short story written by a senior high student.

Thirty entries were received in the poetry section of the contest which was won by Jane Hutchinson, Grade 11, for her poem, MUSIC. The judges made honourable mention of BALLAD OF SIMPLICITY OR DAWN by Cindy Laatsch, Grade 12, and TIMES PAST by Kathy Wall, Grade 12.

Five entries were received in the short story section of the contest which was won by Bob Louisy, Grade 10, for his story THE BOX. The judges made honourable mention of RIPPLE ROCK by Jim Kelly, Grade 10.

The editors of Paidia 1972-73 wish to express their sincere gratitude to Dr. and Mrs. Locke for their generosity and they invite readers of the Yearbook to read and enjoy the winning entries as well as the honourable mention entries which follow.

music can be anything it wants.
it can be warm, or shivery;
brave and bold, or shy and scared;
happy, or sad;
very calm, or very silly;
or anything else that it feels like being.
music is the latest hit L.P., and at the same time,
a lone bird cracking the stillness in the early morning.
music can whisper and shout; it can skip and jump,
or slip around corners, quietly. it can scrootch into
cracks and spaces where nothing else will fit.
music is stones skipping over a smooth patch of water, and
the sound of skis biting into the snow.
music can talk. it can say "hi" or "this is fun" or
"I like you." sometimes it says "HEY! look at me!
see what I can do!" and sometimes it tries to
slip by without being noticed much.
music is gleeful — it giggles and whoops and hiccups, and
chortles and dances. it is a clown and a show-off,
a practical joker. it is the most skilled of acrobats.
it can leap to the ceiling in a single bound, and
slowly, gently, lower itself back down.
music is the wind banging an angry fist at a door that
won't open, and the sunshine pouring itself into
the country grasses.
music is somebody's — everybody's soul.
music is life.

Jane Hutchison, Grade 11
First Prize, Poetry Contest

BALLAD OF SIMPLICITY OR DAWN

Tiny, simple, a creek tumbled over its stones
Reflecting white fluff whispering by.
A simple white hand splashed in alone,
Only to cup its pureness; only to feel its existence;
— why?
The hand was drawn out to lift to a face
To brush away locks of ebony hair
Long black lashes edged black eyes under lace;
A motion oblivious of care.
Like the dawn she lived, and rose each morning,
Like the dawn she had no goal —
She merely would laugh to herself and sing
Only to satisfy the cravings within her soul.
Dawn was her name, or so they called her,
Dawn who was crazy or so they said
Simply because she was content to ponder
Over things as simple as leaves that were dead.

Cindy Laatsch, Grade 12
Honourable Mention — Poetry Contest

TIMES PAST

I thought I had forgotten
What had happened years ago,
But it came to me this morning
When the summer winds did blow,
For I remembered as I gazed past
the flowers; the bitter tears,
That I thought I had forgotten,
And buried with the years.
I thought I had remembered,
The best things from the past.
Like a sunny summer,
Or when winter's gone at last.
But when thinking all this over,
Meanings gone, I still grew sad
For the things I had remembered,
Were the few short weeks we had.

Kathy Wall, Grade 12
Honourable Mention — Poetry Contest

THE BOX

The convict leaned back dejectedly, contemplating his position. Today he would be executed, gassed, in what some of the inmates called "the box." He had seen it once; a cold and empty chamber, except for the hard metal chair and the long, twisted pipes attached to the grills. This was the place where many had been executed for their crimes against the "gentle" society. He wondered what it would be like to have the clinging gas fill his lungs, replacing the needed oxygen — he cringed.

He was a powerful man; he stood well over six feet and was well muscled. His face was deeply lined from tension, his eyes were brown with a tinge of green, giving them an unnatural appearance and his head was covered with a thick growth of long brown hair, making him seem younger than he really was.

He wondered why he had killed that man. What was his logical reason? He didn't have to hit the man so hard, at least he didn't mean to. It was a killing rage that came over him . . . suddenly he was brought out of his contemplation by the sliding of his cell door. It was the cell block officer with a minister. It was time. He thought for a moment and gazed at the open cell door as the officer approached him. He was calculating the distance to the cell door and in which direction he would run. He waited until the officer was almost directly in front of him and then he lashed out with his massive fists, crumpling the officer. He knocked down the minister as he ran out the cell door and down the corridors to the auxiliary exit of his wing. In the first corridor he overpowered a guard by strangling him from behind and then picked up his revolver. He walked slowly now, more confident of himself. He was close to the exit, he knew it, but as he rounded a corner he was confronted by two guards. Before they could react he fired a volley of shots. One guard dropped with a bullet in the neck; the other lay twisting convulsively, clutching his stomach. The convict sped down the corridor towards the exit, grabbing a metal food cart as he went. He ran straight at the large glass doors and at the same time another guard stepped in front of the doors and levelled his gun. But before he could shoot the convict crashed into him with the cart, hurtling him through the doors. The guard had died on the initial impact with the glass and the convict stumbled down the steps, cut and bleeding.

He now realized his passage was cut off by the many guards at the gates and in the towers, so he dashed across the courtyard to a door he had spotted. He slammed the door open with his shoulder and ran down a small corridor that ended in a small metal door with a sign. The sign read DANGER — KEEP OUT. The convict opened the door and entered the inky darkness. He then shut and locked the door so it wouldn't budge, hoping they'd never look for him there. He struck a match and when it illuminated the room his heart skipped a beat. His mouth gaped and his eyes bulged in horror, for now he realized where he was. He recognized the cold and empty interior, except for the hard metal chair and the long, twisted pipes attached to the grills — the grills that would soon fill the entire room with that terrible, clinging gas.

Robert Louisy, Grade 10
First Prize — Short Story Contest

RIPPLE ROCK

Several years ago off the shore of Vancouver Island, in a small ocean town called Campbell River, there was a navigation hazard called Ripple Rock. Cargo would be sent down a bay called Seamore Narrows, located between Quadra Island and Campbell River. This waterway could only be used at high tides for the strait was very narrow and the ships could barely get by the monstrous rock. Tremendous rip tides would carry the ships onto the rock where they were crushed against the enormous barrier. Eventually the largest dynamite blasting in the world took place at Ripple Rock. Thousands of tons of explosives were placed under it and it was blown from the ocean floor. To this day the powerful rip tides still flow with the changing tide, making conditions extremely dangerous, but without the added hazard of Ripple Rock.

This is where my story takes place, Ripple Rock.

The day looked perfect for salmon fishing as Mike, Peter and I jumped into the sleek, light sixteen foot fishing boat. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and the wind was very light as it slid along the rippling water of Campbell River. The day was still very young as the sun crept over the mountain at the west end of Quadra Island, where we were spending a few relaxing days.

Mike started up the small sixteen horsepower engine as Pete and I shoved off from the side of the salt-worn, rickety old dock.

"Where today?" I shouted above the din of the engine.

Mike's eyes wandered around the narrow strait before answering my question. "There's a place across the bay about six miles up the strait called Ripple Rock. Do you want to try fishing there for a few hours?"

"Sounds good to me!" replied Peter and I.

The trip was about forty-five minutes up the strait before crossing the five mile bay. By now the sun was shining but a strong wind had picked up. White caps were now forming across Seamore Narrows. We all glanced at each other in a questioning gaze.

"Well, what do you guys want to do? It isn't bad now but it could get worse," Mike said.

There was a long pause as the boat idled in the rolling brine.

"As long as the wind doesn't pick up and there aren't any clouds forming it will be great," I replied.

"I can't guarantee anything," Mike said in a faint voice.

Finally, we all energetically agreed and started across the bay. The small boat bobbled across the swaying ocean like a cork for the rest of the morning.

It was early afternoon when we entered the Narrows and Ripple Rock. The wind was now blowing strong and the rip tide was starting to move. Yet with the excitement of fishing, none of us seemed to notice the change in water currents and the large black clouds creeping over the mountainside.

Some time later that afternoon, Mike peered down at his watch. "It's already 3:00 you guys and only an hour until the rip tide comes up."

All of a sudden there was a scream from Peter's reel and a large salmon flopped out of the sea like a kite swaying in the breeze. Its silvery body shone in the sunlight resembling that of a shiny new dime. The fish fought for its life like a wounded bear, but Peter hung onto the warped and bending rod. Some forty-five minutes later after a strenuous tangle with the expected twenty pound spring salmon, we hauled it over the side of the moving boat. Throughout our adventure we had drifted into the dangerous riptides of underwater currents and gaping whirlpools. Mike lurched at the outboard motor and quickly started it up. By this time the boat was rocking through the now rolling waves while still trying to get out of the swallowing currents.

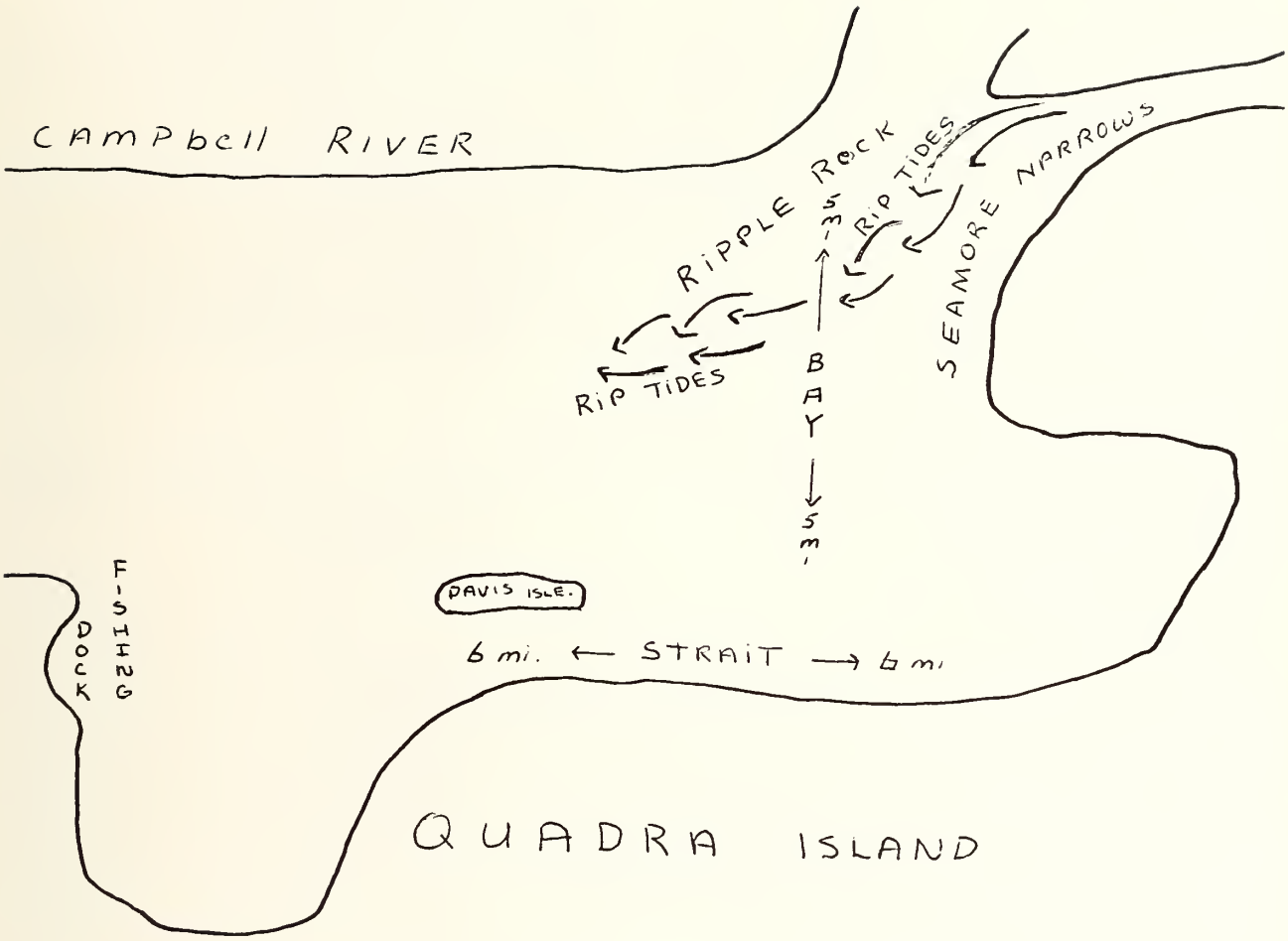
Screaming above the crashing of the waves and the droning of the engine Pete said in a quivered voice. "There's no way we'll get across the bay now. It's not possible."

I glanced over at the gas gauge which read one quarter of a tank. "We have to give it a try before we run out of gas."

Without another question, Pete rammed the engine into forward and an impossible journey across a tossing five mile bay began.

The whirlpools which exist while the tides are changing were opening up like huge mouths ready to suck us under and into the tormenting currents and waves. The whirlpools were so tremendously strong and large they could suck a yacht under without a great deal of trouble. The eyes of the swirling pools were close to eight feet deep. Very few in the Seamore Narrows ever got that deep, but with the clash of the storm and the changing tide, they rocked our small boat like a drowning fly.

The boat bounced over the swaying waves that were now more than ten feet high. We were just coming out of the rip tide area when a gigan-



tic whirlpool opened up in front of us. Without hesitation Peter swerved the tiny vessel to avoid the hungry gaping pool. The boat crashed into an oncoming wave and with the quick change of direction missed the deep crevice. Like a roaring plane the boat tilted up to an eighty-five degree angle and our supplies and preservers sank into the salty brine. Our chances looked extremely thin.

The rain was now pelting down like a winter blizzard. Mike and I lay on the bottom of the boat like two drowned rats while Pete, who knew the sea well, tried to control the bobbing boat. There was little he could really do except weave in and out among the crashing waves. It was all praying and good luck that would get us through. Seconds seemed like minutes and minutes seemed like hours as we plowed through the torrenting storm. Several times our faithful boat would tilt sideways or the front would buck up and down like a raging mustang. Although vision was very scarce Pete finally screamed out that he saw Davis Island about half a mile away. That was the first word any of us had said in the last hour, we were all so cold and speechless with fear.

Davis Island is a very tiny island about the size of a two storey house, but it was solid land, something all of us wanted to touch once again. The island seemed to close in very quickly, for all of a suddent I yelled out: "Watch out Pete, the rocky shore is right ahead!"

Before I had time to complete my warning, we felt a jolt that was like colliding with a brick wall. We flew through the air only to hit the soaked bank of Davis Island. We lay there unconscious.

Morning came with a bright sun shining down. I woke up with a throbbing headache only to see my companions lying ten feet away from me, unable to move. I gathered my thoughts and scrambled over to Mike who lay with dried blood on his right leg and an ugly gash in his forehead.

"Are you OK?" I asked him, with worry in my voice.

"I think so," Mike slowly replied. "My leg. I can't move it."

I looked down at Mike's leg to see it badly bruised with a huge welt appearing on it. I knew it was broken.

"Hold on pal while I check Pete."

Peter was sitting up but the grim look on his face told me he was hurt badly.

"My ankle. It's smashed!" Pete cried as I raced over.

Peter's ankle was turned right in while his knee was still pointing straight out. He had crushed his ankle as he hit the stony bank.

"Don't move around. I'll make a fire. Someone is bound to see the smoke."

Without hesitation I gathered sticks and grass to make a large smoky fire which I started with the lighter I had in my pocket."

Morning wore into the afternoon as we sat in pain and hunger on the shore of Davis Island. Our boat was nowhere to be seen so there was no way off the island. We needed help fast for Mike and Peter lay there in wincing pain. The sun had begun to sink under the sea when I heard something far off.

"Quiet you guys. I hear something."

There, climbing over the sunset was a fishing vessel heading right for us.

"That's it guys, we're going home," I cried out in joy.

The last two days were an event I could never forget. Ripple Rock tried hard to take more lives but three boys just couldn't be persuaded.

Jim Kelly, Grade 10
Honourable Mention —
Short Story Contest

IN MEMORIAM SCARABAEORUM

Utique, aliquid tibi narrabo
Arbitror te intellegere.
Tum illud aliquid dicam:
    Manuum tuam tenere volo
    Manuum tuam tenere volo
    Manuum tuam tenere volo
Dic mihi, dic mihi:
Sim vir tuus
Dic mihi, dic mihi:
    Manuum tuam teneam.
    Nunc manuum tuam teneam.
    Manuum tuam tenere volo.
Et cum te tango, laetus sentio
Tantus sensus est
Quod abdere non possum.
    Abdere non possum.
    Abdere non possum.
    Abdere non possum.
Utique, illud aliud habes
Arbitror te intellegere.
Tum illud aliud dico
    Manuum tuam tenere volo
    Manuum tuam tenere volo
    Manuum tuam tenere volo!

Fran Amery
Janice Heard, Grade 10.

VISION'S DEATH

It grew darker,
    so much darker.
The golden rays faded
    grew dim.
Shapes were blurred, diminished.
Colours were dissipated, gone.
Objects grew euphorically soft
    so gently, heavily diffused.
Dominance was overwhelmingly black.
Panic welled, rose and fell within
    realization of
        the end.

Cindy Kerr, Grade 12.

ONE MORNING ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

Peppermint colours
The sky has.
Rose band at the horizon.
and nervous whiteness.
Bright mist that disperses
and stretches
ad infinitum
becoming intangible.
Hoar frost like
angel's hair
  clings to the skeletal frames
of no longer bushy bushes.

Cindy Kerr, Grade 12.

QUESTIONS

Always, I'm looking at — everyone,
  Friendly with a few, and loving some,
And the love
    I've had for some of those,
    I'm the only one who really knows.
Well, I know, in the eyes of some —
I'm not so good.
But how should,
    I be, for others
To like me?
How can I love those, who just
    Don't love me?
    Why is it
        so hard for them to see
  Love can be given out so easily?

Bob Louisy, Grade 10.

sports

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Steff Larson (manager), Ruth Gray, Louise Harvey, Cynthia Hayward, Jancie Heard, Bonnie Rohl, Mr. Kilb.

Front Row: Cindy Kerr, Brenda Hayward (captain), Cindy Laatsch.

Missing: Bobby-Lee Courtney.

Champions: Foothills Division "C" Schools.

Champions: Western Canadian Independent Schools.

SENIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Bill Marks, Rob White, Shawn McRae, Scott Matthews (manager), Ben Bennett, Steve Johnson, Alex McNiven, Mr. Freight.

Front Row: Stuart Davis, Dick Fullerton, Mel Evans, Ian Atkinson (captain), Dick Sherlock, Rob Louisy, Mr. Kilb.

Champions: Foothills Division 'C' Schools.

Finalists: Canmore Invitational Tournament.

JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Mrs. Cox, Ann Meeker, Liz Maguire, Cynthia Heard, Julie Scott.
Front Row: Julie Prette, Michelle Jager (captain), Chris Baker.
Finalists: Foothills Division.

JUNIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: David Johnson, Bradley Kluzak, Dick Fullerton, Doug McKinnon, Bob Brennan, Ron Kluzak, Richard Boyd, Mr. Piorecky.
Front Row: Mort Kline, Rod Kirkham, Wayne Barker (captain), Jack Krusche, Mark Heard.
Finalists: Foothills Division.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Sylvia Sherlock, Pamela Heard, Bonnie Rohl, Miss Bauer.
Front Row: Leigh Currie, Janice Heard, Christine Baker.

The Senior Girls' Basketball team really did try hard, but unfortunately were unsuccessful at winning any games against the other teams in the Foothills District. Considering the little training time we had and because few of the few who came out had played before, our coach, Miss Bauer, did a commendable job. If nothing else we had a fun season and learned a good deal. Let's hope next year we win.

Janice Heard

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Shawn McCrea, Doug McKinnon, Ben Bennett, Mr. Garrison.
Front Row: Dick Sherlock, Mel Evans, Steve Johnson, Rob Louisy.
Champions: Foothills Division "Jay-Vee" League.

JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Chris Baker, Lucy Garstin, Sandy Kline, Michelle Jager.
Front Row: Cynthia Heard, Nancy Gammeli, Liz Maguire, Ann Meeker.
Absent: Mrs. Cox (Coach).

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Richard Boyd, Doug McKinnon, Mr. Nelson, Bob Brennan, Dick Fullerton.
Front Row: Brett Kyle, Mort Kline, Ron Kluzak, Bruce Rombough, Brent Watson.
Finalists: Foothills Division.

JUNIOR BADMINTON

Back Row: Jamie Motta, Dawn Springer, Betsy Harvie, Roger Patterson, Diane McNiven, Richard Boyd, Jennifer Jackson, Dick Fullerton, Liz Maguire, John Dover, Virginia Wilson, Brett Kyle, Gail Amundsen, Mark Heard, Jacqueline Vince.

Middle Row: Martha Newell, Richard Lowe, Margaret MacInnes, Rob Gardner, Nancy Pasukonis, David Boley, Michelle Jager, Ron Kluzak, Sheryl Lowe, Danny Hunt, Ann Meeker, Bruce Conway, Mr. Kilb.

Front Row: Julie Prette, David Bee, Nancy Gammell, Trey Morrison, Ruth Gray, David Johnson, Cynthia Hayward, Doug Johnson, Pam Cross, Brent Watson, Cynthia Heard, Gretchen Cross.

Champions: Foothills Division Boys' Team Championship: David Johnson, Doug Johnson, Paul Storwick.

Champions: South-Central Boys' Team Championship: David Johnson, Doug Johnson.

SENIOR BADMINTON

Back Row: Harvey Hummel, Janice Heard, Shawn McCrae, Darra-Lee Poole, Ben Bennett, Pam Heard, Ian Atkinson.

Middle Row: Patty Wall, Dick Sherlock, Cindy Kerr, Steve Johnson, Susan Blake, Rob Louisy, Mr. Kilb.

Front Row: Harvey Locke, Brenda Hayward, Rob White, Leigh Currie.

SENIOR TRACK & FIELD

Back Row: Mr. McConnell, Rob White, Ian Atkinson, Steve Johnson.
Front Row: Leigh Currie, Rob Louisy, Janice Heard.

JUNIOR TRACK & FIELD

Back Row: Brett Kyle, Michelle Jager, Brian Parke, Jennifer Jackson, Doug McKinnon, Wendy Sloane, James Kastens, Julie-Ann Stapleton, Ron Kluzak.
Middle Row: Mr. McConnell, Betsy Harvie, Jay Lyons, Sheryl Lowe, Mort Kline, Ruth Gray, Richard Boyd, Ann Meeker, Brent Watson, Cynthia Heard.
Front Row: Jane Manning, Rod Kirkham, Nancy Gammell, Mark Heard, Lindsay Mair, Trey Morrison, Pam Cross, Richard Lowe, Nancy Pasukonis.
Champions: Brad Kluzak, Ron Kluzak, Doug McKinnon, Richard Boyd, Brian Parke: Foothills Division
Champions: Ron Kluzak, Bantam Boys' Aggregate Winner, Foothills Division.

CROSS COUNTRY

Back Row: David Johnson, Richard Boyd, Cheryl Lowe, Graham Smith, Jennifer Jackson, John Wansbrough, Diane Hamilton, Brian Parke, Cynthia Heard, Sandy Morrison.

Middle Row: Doug Johnson, Gretchen Cross, Mort Kline, Margret MacInnes, Mark Heard, Martha Newell, Larry Griffith, Julie Scott, Brent Watson, Molly Lawson, Jay Lyons, Bruce Leslie.

Front Row: Richard Lowe, Nancy Pasukonis, Dick Sherlock, Cindy Kerr, Rob White, Janice Heard, Rod Kirkham, Betsy Harvie.

Champions: Cindy Kerr, Sr. Foothills Division.

Champions: Cindy Kerr, Sr. South-Central Alberta.

Champions: Foothills Division Jr. Team Championship: Jennifer Jackson, Marg MacInnes, Mort Kline, Brian Parke.

HOCKEY

Back Row: Ross Clauson, Harvey Locke, Brett Kyle, Tom Cooper, Brian White, James Kastens, Blaine Wiber, Trevor Balding.

Middle Row: Aubey Hashman, Larry Griffith, Randy MacDonald, Ron Kluzak, Dan Hunt, Dave Boley, Stuart Craig, Mr. Bowman.

Front Row: Phil Mayson, Bruce Conway, Mark Heard, Doug McNiven, Brian Leslie, Rick Lowe.

VOLLEYBALL

We always seemed to get to the finals and then lose out. It was like a jinx was on us. Would it happen again? We were playing in the Western Canadian Independent Schools' Volleyball Championships for Senior Girls' teams.

As Sunday ended, we went home in confidence as we were undefeated. On Monday we had two matches to play. The second one seemed to us an easy take, but the first could give us a little trouble. A half-hour before the first match we began lifting our spirits. We did exercises, cheers, had a pep talk and were just wild with excitement. Well, we lost our first match. We were playing terribly. Each player playing for herself and not as a team. We decided that the pep talks got us too "hyper."

Our second match was easy . . . we won three straight. We had made the finals — S.T.S. Spartans vs. York House from Vancouver.

The pep talk and cheers hadn't seemed to be the right medicine, so before the final match we relaxed on comfortable, cushioned chairs, eating oranges, telling jokes and singing. Our confidence was still with us but now it was more of a silent one. We had beaten York House on Sunday and knew that if we played up to our potential we could do it again. At the end of the first game everything seemed lost. They had won. We had to hit ourselves and say, "Hey, keep with it, four games are left." At the end of the second we had a bit of hope and even a twinkle in our eyes. We had won. At the end of the third that hope grew. We had beaten them again.

We were so close to victory yet so far away. If we won this game we would be the champs. If we lost we would merely be the players of a suspenseful, nerve-racking game that would be hard to win but much harder to lose.

The fourth game started as usual, with our hearts in our throats as York House leaped to a 3-0 lead. We caught up and passed them though, and the score was now 12-3. It was our serve . . . unretrievable . . . whistle . . . serve . . . unretrievable. Game point. Our bodies almost burst with excitement and nervousness. The whistle was blown. The hand contacted the ball squarely as it magically spiralled over the net. The victim below bumped the ball in utter desperation . . . the net bulged with her mistake!

WE WERE CHAMPS.

Tears filled our eyes. Our minds refused to believe it but our bodies knew it was true. Our hair became ruffled and messy as we rubbed each other's heads. We jumped for joy and bounded across the floor into our team-mates' arms. It was so hard to swallow . . . our stomachs refused to stop turning. Then through our watery eyes we saw the York House team approaching and it started all over.

Now it was finished, the court deserted with the exception of the game ball, an empty water bottle and numerous discarded programs. Yes, the tournament was finished but our memories will never depart.

Ruth Gray and Cynthia Hayward

CROSS-COUNTRY

Our cross-country team was off to a frosty start early this fall. The first meet was the Foothills Division Championship which we hosted on our own course. The Spartans swept to the team victory winning five of the six gold medals. We took 25 avid runners to the Badlands for the South Central Alberta championships. It was a lot of fun at Drumheller, like a fair with flags and hot dogs and a dusty wind. Our open girls, Cindy Kerr and Janice Heard placed first-second respectively, and had their pictures taken for the Bonnyville Gazette in their outstanding attire . . . long underwear and shorts, which are very practical for cold weather. A speeding ticket, a sprained ankle, a sleepless night over the tavern, and a lot of chuckles marked the Provincial Finals in which our girls competed.

Cindy Kerr

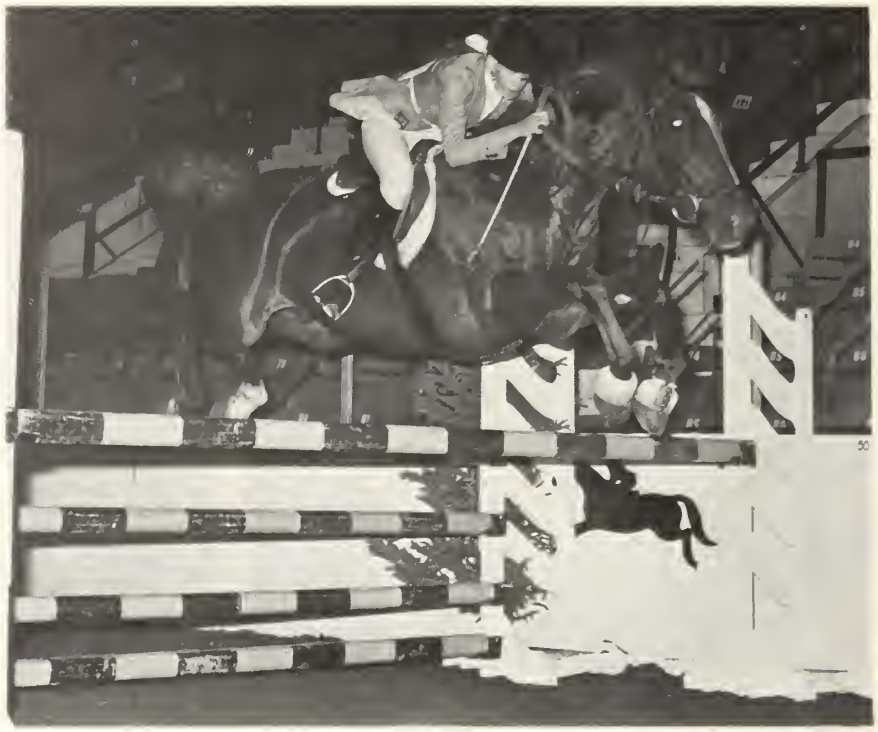
Cindy Kerr — Cross Country
Open Girls' Champion, Foothills Division
Open Girls' Champion, South Central Alberta

Spartans Rodeo Team
Bill Marks, Mr. Kilb, Rob White, Theresa Roenisch

STS CHAMPIONS

Dave and Doug Johnson — Badminton
Junior High Boys' Singles Champions, Foothills Division
Junior High Boys' Singles Champions, South Central Alberta

STS



Pat Pryor —

Selected to Canadian Junior International Equestrian Team Trials
First and Third places, Rothman's Grande Prix
First Place Alberta Intermediate Three-Day Event
Second Place Export A Stake, 1973 Calgary International Horse Show

Marilyn Fleming ('72) — Rodeo

Alberta and Canadian
High School Rodeo Queen

Second Place — Canadian
High School Cutting Horse
Competition

CHAMPIONS

Theresa Roenisch — Rodeo

Alberta and Canadian High School Goat Tying Champion, 1973
Rookie of the Year, Canadian Girls' Rodeo Association, 1970
Canadian Girls' Junior Goat Tying Champion, 1971

BASKETBALL

The junior basketball team had a great season. We went undefeated during the regular season, including a game against a Calgary team. As the end of the season rolled around, we headed into the Foothills Division Championship. As luck would have it, we made it to the finals, where we were beaten by a team which we had previously beaten twice in season play.

Wayne Barker

1973 was an excellent season for senior basketball. The Spartans fielded their first-ever senior team in the Foothills Division competition. The team played in the newly-formed Jay-Vee league. The team pushed through one of the best-ever seasons enjoyed by any Spartan team to wind up with a five and zero undefeated season. The team then went into the playoffs and again won every game to win the championship for the Foothills Division.

Shawn McCrae

HOCKEY

Although we really tried hard this year, our team lost all of its games as we played in the Calgary Separate Schools' Junior High hockey league. I think that win or lose, our boys really enjoyed having the opportunity to represent S.T.S. in a sport such as hockey. I hope that we can see our team move up into some victories in the years to come.

Ron Kluzak

BADMINTON

Our junior badminton team had a great season this year. The team won the Foothills Division team championship with three gold medals, three silver, and two bronze. Our boys won every single's competition in the tournament. Six of our Spartans went to the South Central Alberta champoinship in Olds. Again our boys played well, sweeping the single's competition with two gold and one silver medal. Our boys therefore walked off with the South Central Alberta team championship.

Dave Johnson

TRACK & FIELD

Our junior track and field team did very well this year considering the number of students on our team. In the Foothills Division championship our Spartans placed fourth out of nine schools with six gold medals, four silver, and five bronze. The winners of the six gold medals all set Foothills' records. Ron Kluzak won the bantam boys' aggregate trophy for the most points in his division. S.T.S. qualified five athletes to advance to the South Central track and field meet in Sundre.

Doug McKinnon

RODEO

The Spartan rodeo team became a reality this year. Of course, the outcome was not tremendous, but it was a good start. At the four rodeos which we competed in, Theresa Roenisch was the only winner, winning the goat tying event at Willow Creek rodeo, and then going on to win the Alberta and Canadian championship in her event. Theresa now goes down to the North American championships in Utah to represent S.T.S. and Canada. For the first year, the team did quite well. But more important than the results, a base has been set for years to come at S.T.S., and interest in rodeo can only grow.

Bill Marks

CANOEING

This year the S.T.S. canoe club started paddling. Paddlers not only included students, but also a number of enthusiastic teachers. Our paddlers travelled across the province to paddle in Canadian White-Water Association sanctioned races. Four of our junior racers did exceptionally well. Sandy Morrison and Bruce Conway won the double canoe race in Sundre, while Rod Kirkham and Mark Heard won the Provincial C2 Downriver race for juniors. Our six-man voyageur crew made up of six husky teachers placed third in the Calgary Canoe Club four-mile race, and will travel to Edmonton to race in the Klondike Days' race. The double canoe team of Stan Piorecky and Brad Kilb have won gold medals in the Sundre Downriver race, the S.T.S. Invitational Slalom race, and the Provincial Downriver Championships. Stan and Brad have been asked to represent Alberta in the 1973 Canadian Championships to be held in Quebec at the end of the summer.

ACADEMIC AWARDS — Honours Certificates

Grade One
Christina Riche
Laura Shaefer
J. D. LeBlanc
Marina Sosukiewicz
Michael Pierce
Sean Rollins
John Scurfield
Dawn Ekstrom
Robert Kaul
John Pidgeon
Andrew Weeks

Grade Two Boys
Glenn Coskey
Michael Thakkar
Jonathan Marshall
Andrew Militor

Grade Three Girls
Jodi Pisko
Lisa Jackson
Cheryl Shaefer

Grade Three Boys
Eric Hasiuk
Paul Proctor
Andrew Rahme
Timothy Hayoz
Richard Pierce
Roderick Heard
Thomas Nelson

Grade Four Girls
Jane Ravvin
Sloan Pipella
Anita Chakravorty

Grade Four Boys
Paul Roach
Bart Borrett
Paul LeBlanc
Marco Mazzolani
David Thakkar
Lauchlin Lyons

Grade Five Girls
Melanie McCaig
Elizabeth Molitor
Leanne Oughton
Debra Juchem
Lindsay Rohloff

Grade Five Boys
Jason Blake
Jay Cross
John Dundas
Simon Goldstein
Mark LeBlanc
John Mackinnon
Gregory Marshall
Michael Shuttleworth
Andrew Wolf
Todd Trimble

Grade Six Girls
Leslie Oughton
Susan Hay
Patrizia Mazzolani

Grade Six Boys
Nicholas Winston
Lawrence Dundas
David Fathi
Robert Griffith
David Jackson
Donald Mackinnon
Mitchell Ravvin
Russell Morrison

Grade Seven Girls
Virginia Wilson
Gretchen Cross
Kathryn Lamb
Gail Amundsen

Grade Seven Boys
Jamie Shymka

Grade Seven-Eight Boys
Russell Gregory
Bruce Leslie
Mark Heard
Douglas Johnson
Bruce Conway

Grade Eight Girls
Pam Cross
Susan Gregory
Betsy Harvie
Jennifer Jackson
Michelle Jager
Moyra Mackinnon
Jane Manning
Alison Martin
Ann Meeker

Grade Eight Boys
Mort Kline
Chris Roach

Grade Nine Girls
Molly Lawson
Ann Conway
Gail Humphreys

Grade Nine Boys
John Brown
Roger Patterson
Dick Fullerton
Richard Gammell
Doug McKinnon

Grade Ten Girls
Janice Heard

Grade Eleven Girls
Leigh Currie
Heather Ross
Patricia Wall

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT in a particular subject or for a project of excellence

French	Jay Cross
Art	Grant Dean
	Jane Manning
Math-Physics	Allan Chan
Math	Roger Patterson
Latin	Janice Heard
Science	Jamie Shymka
Music	Laura Boswell
	Harvey Locke
	Frances Amery
	Molly Lawson
	Eric Chan
	Janice Heard
	Leroy Thiessen — Piano
	Molly Lawson — Strings

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Grade Eight Girls	Pam Cross
Grade Eight Boys	Chris Roach
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There is a part of me that wants to write, a part that wants to theorize, a part that wants to sculpt, a part that wants to teach . . . to force myself into a single role, to decide to be just one thing in life, would kill off large parts of me. Rather, I recognize that I live now and only now, and I will do what I want to do this moment and not what I decided was best for me yesterday.

From: Notes to Myself
by Hugh Prather

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